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words; but she fell upon his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed aloud for joy, and for sorrow, and pride, and love.

But the white-haired Pamphilus shook his head sadly, and said—"Child! child! the sparrow sang to his love last spring—"I will never leave thee!" but when autumn came he fled away. And to-day methought I heard him singing to another mate the selfsame song!"

There was a fearful storm that night over the city of Sicyon, and it lasted until the grey light of the morning grew in the sky, and the broad low sunrise broke beyond the dusky hills.

And once again they met—Pausias and Glycera—all in the wind and the beating rain, and they kissed for the last time, and vowed—poor children!—to be true and loving to each other always, come what would.

And when they parted Pausias took Glycera's hands into his own, and looked very earnestly in her face, and said—

"Glycera, Glycera, all will be well yet, I know, if only we can have patience and courage to face our sorrow bravely. Promise me, love, to be true and fast to me always."

And she answered—"Until death, darling—until death!"

CHAPTER VII.

Close by the open casement of a little dark chamber that was all sweet with the odors of wild thyme and roses and almond blossom, Glycera lay alone upon a little wooden couch, and her lap was full of fair flowers and wreaths. Very pallid and wan was the beautiful face now, and all dreamy and lustreless the soft brown eyes; but their winning sweetness was not gone, for Glycera's soul looked out of them still.

But the flower-girl had lost all her strength and her brightness, and her merry smile, nor was she able any longer to stand in the streets with the basket, and her mother watched her sadly while she drooped and faded day after day, but never knew the reason why.

For Pausias had been away at Athens since the last year's summer; and now it was summer again, but Glycera never heard any tidings of him, nor knew if he loved her still.

So she fell sick for sorrow, and for failing hope, and for longing to see him again, and many a long day she lay by the lattice, and wove her garlands listlessly, for now her companions sold them for her in the town, since she was too feeble to go abroad.

And while she lay there she made sweet rhymes, and sang them softly to herself, as was her wont when she was alone. And she sang of Pausias, and of her love for him, and her trust and patience, and she wondered if he were thinking of her then, and when he would be able to come back again, and take her home to be his wife.

And with the thought the color stole for a moment into the pale thin face, and her eyes grew misty while she pictured in her heart the happiness and the sunshine that was to be. "And I wonder," she thought, "what he will be like when I see him again, and if his eyes are as blue, and his hair as fair and as curly as ever! And I wonder if he will think me altered, and what he will say to me when we meet! O how handsome he is! and how good and brave it was of him to face for my sake his father's anger, and to forego all thought of winning himself a wealthy maiden for his wife—for me, me—a poor peasant girl, who have nothing in the world to give him but my love!"

And then she laid her little trembling hands together, and prayed the gods to bless her Pausias, her noble Pausias, and make her day by day more worthy of him, that all her life long—oh, all her life long!—he might see how mightily she strove to deserve his love, and to be to him a true and faithful wife until their life's end. And presently the door was pushed open gently, and a bright

rosy face looked into the room, and a pleasant voice said—

"What, still at work, Glycera? I fancied you might have been asleep, and I feared to wake you; so I came in softly, and left Lais outside, waiting for me. See, your basket is empty, Glycera—I did business famously to-day, for all the young men at the schools bought of me, because you know to-morrow their master gives them holiday, and their hall is to be decked with flowers in honor of the gala."

"What gala, Myrrha?" said the flower-girl, looking up dreamily. "I did not know anything was going on."

"How now, Glycera!" returned her companion merrily, "haven't you heard the news? Every one is talking about it! Well, well, I don't see how you should know it, though, since you lie here all day long, and never see anybody. Give me that bunch of acacias you have in your lap, Glycera, and I can sit here and twist up a chaplet while I tell you all about it. Why, then, the young student Pausias—you know the name, don't you? he that made such a stir here more than a year ago by painting some wonderful picture or other, and then went off to Athens with his father to make his fortune—well, he is going to be married to-morrow. And they say his bride is one of the noblest and richest maidens in all Attica, and he is to bring her here to live with her and his father at their old home, and all the town is full of the tidings! And you'll have plenty to do, Glycera, when they come, for there'll be feasts and dances given to all the town, and we shall have garlands hanging from every window! So you must make haste and get well again as fast as possible, that you may be able to work the better, and dance with us all, and play games in the meadow. But do you know, Glycera, I saw the painter Pamphilus to-day, for he came to buy a bunch of roses of me; and when I spoke to him of Pausias, and asked him if he were not glad to hear such good news of his pupil, he only looked sorrowful, and murmured out something about a sparrow and a new mate, and I know not what beside! I think the old fellow is crazed or moon-struck; for why else should he talk so strangely, and look so pitiful and sad when every one else is merry? There, Glycera, now the story is told; and look, I have just finished the wreath, all but—why, Glycera! Glycera! what have I done?—what ails you, sweet? Why don't you speak to me? What shall I do!" For the garland she had been weaving had fallen from the flower-girl's hands, and her eyes were strange and glassy, and a spasm passed across her lips as if of sharp, sudden pain.

But Glycera's mother had heard the cry in the inner chamber where she sat spinning, and she left her distaff and came in haste, and found Myrrha and Lais, and Glycera lying motionless white on her pillows.

O sweetheart! my story is common enough, I know, for things like this happen somewhere every day. And most men and woman live through them, and wear their sorrow out, for life is sweet, and hearts are hard to break, but yet with some it is otherwise. So they came and stood beside her—those three—all hushed and wondering, and she held out her hands to them, and looked at their sad faces, and tried to smile but the smile would not come.

Ah, Pausias, where were then your vows and your promises and your unchanging love? Poor boy! you loved once indeed very truly and sincerely; but then you forgot all about it long ago, and thought no doubt that the little flower-girl had forgotten it too. What if you could have stood then in that little dark room, and could have seen what was going on there?

Then that poor mother stooped down and kissed the white forehead, and cried out bitterly in her sorrow—"O my darling! my darling! if they take you away from me I shall break my heart! For you are all I have left in the world, and I have no one else to love but you! O me, must I live without you, my dear child?"

There lay among the flowers in Glycera's lap a

little knot of red roses. And she took them up gently, and laid them upon her bosom, and folded her hands over them, and turned her face towards the window. Then her eyes closed wearily, and her white lips moved a moment while she whispered something to herself. They knelt beside her, and listened earnestly for the broken words. And they were these—

"Until death—love—until—death—true and fast—true—"

And then there was silence.

But, just as that last word was spoken, there came through the lattice a single ray of bright ruddy light from the setting sun. And it fell full upon the white face and golden hair, and lit them up with misty glory. And then little by little it faded away and was gone, and all was darkness. Sweetheart—my story is told.

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

TITIAN.

Born 1477, died 1576.

Tiziano Vecelli was born at Cadore in the Friuli, a district to the north of Venice, where the ancient family of the Vecelli had been long settled. There is something very amusing and characteristic in the first indication of his love of art; for while it is recorded of other young artists that they took a piece of charcoal or a piece of slate to trace the images in their fancy, we are told that the infant Titian, with an instinctive feeling prophetic of his future excellence as a colorist, used the expressed juice of certain flowers to paint a figure of a Madonna. When he was a boy of nine years old his father, Gregorio, carried him to Venice and placed him under the tuition of Sebastian Zuccato, a painter and worker in mosaic. He left this school for that of the Bellini, where the friendship and fellowship of Giorgione seems early to have awakened his mind to new ideas of art and color. Albert Durer, who was at Venice in 1494, and again in 1507, also influenced him. At this time, when Titian and Giorgione were youths of eighteen and nineteen, they lived and worked together. It has been already related that they were employed in painting the frescoes of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi. The preference being given to Titian's performance, which represented the story of Judith, caused such a jealousy between the two friends, that they ceased to reside together; but at this time, and for some years afterwards, the influence of Giorgione on the mind and the style of Titian was such that it became difficult to distinguish their works; and on the death of Giorgione, Titian was required to complete his unfinished pictures. This great loss to Venice and the world, left him in the prime of youth without a rival. We find him for a few years chiefly employed in decorating the palaces of the Venetian nobles, both in the city and on the mainland. The first of his historical compositions which is celebrated by his biographers is the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, a large picture, now in the Academy of Arts at Venice; and the first portrait recorded is that of Catherine, Queen of Cyprus, of which numerous repetitions and copies were scattered over all Italy. There is a fine original in the Dresden Gallery. This unhappy Catherine Cornaro, the "daughter of St. Mark," having been forced to abdicate her crown in favor of the Venetian state, was at this time living in a

sort of honorable captivity at Venice. She had been a widow for forty years, and he has represented her in deep mourning, holding a rosary in her hand—the face still bearing traces of that beauty for which she was celebrated.

It appears that Titian was married about 1512, but of his wife we do not hear anything more. It is said that her name was Lucia, and we know that she bore him three children—two sons, and a daughter called Lavinia. It seems probable, on a comparison of dates, that she died about the year 1530.

One of the earliest works on which Titian was engaged was the decoration of the convent of St. Antony, at Padua, in which he executed a series of frescoes from the life of St. Antony. He was next summoned to Ferrara by the Duke Alphonso I., and was employed in his service for at least two years. He painted for this prince the beautiful picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, which is now in our National Gallery, and which represents on a small scale an epitome of all the beauties which characterize Titian, in the rich, picturesque, animated composition, in the ardor of Bacchus, who flings himself from his car to pursue Ariadne; the dancing bacchanals, the frantic grace of the bacchante, and the little joyous satyr in front, trailing the head of the sacrifice. He painted for the same prince two other festive subjects: one in which a nymph and two men are dancing, while another nymph lies asleep; and a third, in which a number of children and cupids are sporting round a statue of Venus. There are here upwards of sixty figures in every variety of attitude, some fluttering in the air, some climbing the fruit-trees, some shooting arrows, or embracing each other. This picture is known as the Sacrifice to the Goddess of Fertility. While it remained in Italy it was a study for the first painters—for Poussin, the Carracci, Albano, and Fiamingo, the sculptor, so famous for his models of children. At Ferrara, Titian also painted the portrait of the first wife of Alphonso, the famous and infamous Lucrezia Borgia; and here also he formed a friendship with the poet Ariosto, whose portrait he painted.

At this time he was invited to Rome by Leo X., for whom Raphael, then in the zenith of his powers, was executing some of his finest works. It is curious to speculate what influence these two distinguished men might have exercised on each other had they met; but it was not so decreed. Titian was strongly attached to his home and his friends at Venice; and to his birthplace, the little town of Cadore, he paid an annual summer visit. His long absence at Ferrara had wearied him of courts and princes; and instead of going to Rome to swell the luxurious state of Leo X., he returned to Venice and remained there stationary for the next few years, enriching its palaces and churches with his magnificent works. These were so numerous that it would be in vain to attempt to give an account even of those considered as the finest among them. Two, however, must be pointed out as pre-eminent in beauty and celebrity. 1. The Assumption of the Virgin, painted for the church of Santa Maria de' Frari, and now in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, and well known from the magnificent engraving of Schiavone—the Virgin is soaring to heaven amid groups of angels, while the apostles gaze upwards. 2. The Death of St. Peter, Martyr, when attacked by assassins at the entrance of a wood; the resignation of the prostrate victim, and the ferocity of the murderer, the attendant flying "in the

agonies of cowardice," with the trees waving their distracted boughs amid the violence in the tempest, have rendered this picture famous as a piece of scenic poetry, as well as of dramatic expression.

The next event of Titian's life was his journey to Bologna in 1530. In that year the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. met at Bologna, each surrounded by a brilliant retinue of the most distinguished soldiers, statesmen, and scholars, of Germany and Italy. Through the influence of his friend Aretino, Titian was recommended to the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, the pope's nephew, through whose patronage he was introduced to the two potentates who sat to him. One of the portraits of Clement VII., painted at this time, is now in the Bridgewater Gallery. Charles V. was so satisfied with his portrait, that he became the zealous friend and patron of the painter. It is not precisely known which of several portraits of the emperor painted by Titian was the one executed at Bologna on this memorable occasion, but it is supposed to be that which represents him on horseback charging with his lance, now in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, and of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original study. The two portraits of Ippolito de' Medici in the Pitti Palace and the Louvre were also painted at this period.

After a sojourn of some months at Bologna, Titian returned to Venice loaded with honors and rewards. There was no potentate, prince, or poet, or reigning beauty, who did not covet the honor of being immortalized by his pencil. He had, up to this time, managed his worldly affairs with great economy; but now he purchased for himself a house opposite to Murano, and lived splendidly, combining with the most indefatigable industry the liveliest enjoyment of existence; his favorite companions were the architect Sansovino, and the witty prodigal Pietro Aretino. Titian has often been reproached with his friendship for Aretino, and nothing can be said in his excuse, except that the proudest princes in Europe condescended to flatter and caress this unprincipled literary ruffian, who was pleased to designate himself as the "friend of Titian, and the scourge of princes." One of the finest of Titian's portraits is that of Aretino, in the Munich Gallery.

Thus in the practice of his art, in the society of his friends, and in the enjoyment of the pleasures of life, did Titian pass several years. The only painter of his time who was deemed worthy of competing with him was Lucinio Regillo, better known as Pordenone. Between Titian and Pordenone there existed not merely rivalry, but a personal hatred, so bitter that Pordenone affected to think his life in danger, and when at Venice painted with his shield and poniard lying beside him. As long as Pordenone lived, Titian had a spur to exertion, to emulation. All the other good painters of the time, Palma, Bonifazio, Tintoretto, were his pupils or his creatures; Pordenone would never owe anything to him; and the picture called the St. Justina, at Vienna, shows that he could equal Titian on his own ground.

After the death of Pordenone at Ferrara, in 1539, Titian was left without a rival. Everywhere in Italy art was on the decline: Lionardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, had all passed away. Titian himself, at the age of sixty, was no longer young, but he still retained all the vigor and the freshness of youth; neither eye nor hand, nor creative energy of mind, had failed him yet. He was again

invited to Ferrara, and painted there the portrait of the old pope Paul III. He then visited Urbino, where he painted for the duke the famous Venus which hangs in the Tribune of the Florence Gallery, and many other pictures. He again, by order of Charles V., repaired to Bologna, and painted the emperor standing, and by his side a favorite Irish wolf-dog. This picture was given by Philip IV. to our Charles I., but after his death was sold into Spain, and is now at Madrid.

Pope Paul III. invited him to Rome, whither he repaired in 1548. There he painted that wonderful picture of the old pope with his two nephews, the Duke Ottavio and Cardinal Farnese, which is now at Vienna. The head of the pope is a miracle of character and expression. A keen-visaged, thin little man, with meagre fingers like birds' claws, and an eager cunning look, riveting the gaze like the eye of a snake—nature itself!—and the pope had either so little or so much vanity as to be perfectly satisfied. He rewarded the painter munificently; he even offered to make his son, Pomponio, Bishop of Ceneda, which Titian had the good sense to refuse. While at Rome he painted several pictures for the Farnese family, among them the Venus and Adonis, of which a repetition is in our National Gallery, and a Danaë which excited the admiration of Michael Angelo. At this time Titian was seventy-two.

He next, by command of Charles V., repaired to Augsburg, where the emperor held his court; eighteen years had elapsed since he first sat to Titian, and he was now broken by the cares of government—far older at fifty than the painter of seventy-two. It was at Augsburg that the incident occurred which has been so often related: Titian dropped his pencil, and Charles, taking it up and presenting it, replied to the artist's excuses that "Titian was worthy of being served by Caesar." This pretty anecdote is not without its parallel in modern times. When Sir Thomas Lawrence was painting at Aix-la-Chapelle, as he stooped to place a picture on his easel, the Emperor of Russia anticipated him, and, taking it up, adjusted it himself; but we do not hear that he made any speech on the occasion. When at Augsburg, Titian was ennobled and created a count of the empire, with a pension of two hundred gold ducats, and his son Pomponio was appointed canon of the cathedral of Milan. After the abdication and death of Charles V., Titian continued in great favor with his successor Philip II., for whom he painted several pictures. It is not true, however, that Titian visited Spain. The assertion that he did so rests on the sole authority of Palemino, a Spanish writer on art, and, though wholly unsupported by evidence, has been copied from one book into another. Later researches have proved that Titian returned from Augsburg to Venice; and an uninterrupted series of letters and documents, with dates of time and place, remain to show that, with the exception of this visit to Augsburg and another to Vienna, he resided constantly in Italy, and principally at Venice, from 1530 to his death. Notwithstanding the compliments, and patronage, and nominal rewards he received from the Spanish court, Titian was worse off under Philip II. than he had been under Charles V.; his pension was constantly in arrears; the payments for his pictures evaded by the officials; and we find the great painter constantly presenting petitions and complaints in moving terms, which always obtained gracious but illusive answers. Philip II., who commanded the riches of the Indies, was for

many years a debtor to Titian for, at least, two thousand gold crowns; and his accounts were not settled at the time of his death. For our Queen Mary of England, who wished to patronize one favored by her husband, Titian painted several pictures, some of which were in the possession of Charles I.; others had been carried to Spain after the death of Mary, and are now in the Royal Gallery at Madrid.

Besides the pictures painted by command for royal and noble patrons, Titian, who was unceasingly occupied, had always a great number of pictures in his house which he presented to his friends, or to the officers and attendants of the court, as a means of procuring their favor. There is extant a letter of Aretino, in which he describes the scene which took place when the emperor summoned his favorite painter to attend the court at Augsburg. "It was," he says, "the most flattering testimony to his excellence to behold, as soon as it was known that the divine painter was sent for, the crowds of people running to obtain, if possible, the productions of his art; and how they endeavored to purchase the pictures, great and small, and everything that was in the house, at any price; for everybody seems assured that his august majesty will so treat his Apelles that he will no longer condescend to exercise his pencil except to oblige him."

Years passed on, and seemed to have no power to quench the ardor of this wonderful old man. He was eighty-one when he painted the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, one of his largest and grandest compositions. The Magdalen, the half-length figure with uplifted streaming eyes, which he sent to Philip II., was executed even later; and it was not till he was approaching his ninetyeth year that he showed in his works symptoms of enfeebled powers; and then it seemed as if sorrow rather than time had reached him and conquered him at last. The death of many friends, the companions of his convivial hours, left him "alone in his glory." He found in his beloved art the only refuge from grief. His son Pomponio was still the same worthless profligate in age that he had been in youth. His son Orazio attended upon him with truly filial duty and affection, and under his father's tuition had become an accomplished artist; but as they always worked together, and on the same canvas, his works are not to be distinguished from his father's. Titian was likewise surrounded by painters who, without being precisely his scholars, had assembled from every part of Europe to profit by his instructions. The early morning and evening hour found him at his easel; or lingering in his little garden (where he had feasted with Aretino and Sansovino, and Bembo and Ariosto, and "the most gracious Virginia," and "the most beautiful Violante,") and gazing on the setting sun, with a thought, perhaps, of his own long and bright career fast hastening to its close—not that such anticipations clouded his cheerful spirit—buoyant to the last! In 1574, when he was in his ninety-seventh year, Henry III. of France landed at Venice on his way from Poland, and was magnificently entertained by the Republic. On this occasion the king visited Titian at his own house, attended by a numerous suite of princes and nobles. Titian entertained them with splendid hospitality; and when the king asked the price of some pictures which pleased him, he presented them as a gift to his majesty, and every one praised his easy and noble manners and his generous bearing.

Two years more passed away, and the hand did

not yet tremble nor was the eye dim. When the plague broke out in Venice, in 1576, the nature of the distemper was at first mistaken, and the most common precautions neglected; the contagion spread, and Titian and his son were among those who perished. Every one had fled, and before life was extinct some ruffians entered his chamber and carried off, before his eyes, his money, jewels, and some of his pictures. His death took place on the 9th of September, 1576. A law had been made during the plague that none should be buried in the churches, but that all the dead bodies should be carried beyond the precincts of the city; an exception, however, even in that hour of terror and anguish, was made in favor of Titian. His remains were borne with honor to the tomb, and deposited in the church of Santa Maria de' Frari, for which he had painted his famous Assumption. There he lies beneath a plain black marble slab, on which is simply inscribed

"TIZIANO VECELLIO."

In the year 1794 the citizens of Venice resolved to erect a noble and befitting monument to his memory. Canova made the design—but the troubles which intervened, and the extinction of the Republic, prevented the execution of this project. Canova's magnificent model was appropriated to another purpose, and now forms the cenotaph of the Archduchess Christina, in the church of the Augustines at Vienna.

This was the life and death of the famous Titian. He was pre-eminently the painter of nature; but to him nature was clothed in a perpetual garb of beauty, or rather to him nature and beauty were one. In historical compositions and sacred subjects he has been rivalled and surpassed, but as a portrait painter never; and his portraits of celebrated persons have at once the truth and dignity of history. It would be in vain to attempt to give any account of his works; numerous as they are, not all that are attributed to him in various galleries are his. Many are by Palma, Bonifazio, and others his contemporaries, who imitated his manner with more or less success. As almost every gallery in Europe, public and private, contains pictures attributed to him, we shall not attempt to enumerate even the acknowledged *chefs d'œuvre*. It will be interesting, however, to give some account of those of his works contained in our national and royal galleries. In our National Gallery there are five, of which the Bacchus and Ariadne, the Venus and Adonis, and the Ganyমেদে, are fair examples of his power in the poetical department of his art. But we want one of his inestimable portraits. In the gallery at Hampton Court there are seven or eight pictures attributed to him, most of them in a miserably ruined condition. The finest of these is a portrait of a man in black, with a white shirt seen above his vest up to his throat; in his right hand a red book, his fore-finger between the leaves. It is called in the old catalogues Alessandro de' Medici, and has been engraved under the name of Boccaccio; but it has no pretensions to either name. It is a wonderful piece of life. There is also a lovely figure of a standing Lucretia, about half life-size, with very little drapery—not at all characteristic of the modest Lucretia, who arranged her robes that she might fall with decorum. She holds with her left hand a red veil over her face, and in the right a dagger with which she is about to stab herself. This picture belonged to Charles I., and came to England with the Mantua

Gallery, in 1629; it was sold in 1650, after the king's death, for two hundred pounds (a large price for the time), and afterwards restored. In the collection at Windsor there are the portraits of Titian and Andrea Franceschini, half-length in the same picture. Franceschini was Chancellor of the Republic, and distinguished for his literary attainments; he is seen in front in a robe of crimson (the habit of a cavaliero of St. Mark,) and holds a paper in his hand. The acute and refined features have that expression of mental power which Titian, without any apparent effort, could throw into a head. The fine old face and flowing beard of Titian, appear behind. This picture belonged to Charles I., and was sold after his death for one hundred and twelve pounds; it has been called in various catalogues Titian and Aretino, which is an obvious mistake. The well-known portraits of Aretino have all a full beard and thick lips, a physiognomy quite distinct from that of the Venetian senator in this picture, which is identical with the engraved portraits of Franceschini.

In the Louvre there are twenty-two pictures by Titian; in the Vienna Gallery, fifty-two. The Madrid Gallery contains most of the fine pictures painted for Charles V. and Philip II.

Before we quit the subject of Titian, we may remark that a collection of his engraved portraits would form a complete historical gallery, illustrative of the times in which he lived. Not only was his art at the service of princes and their favorite beauties, but it was ever ready to immortalize the features of those who were the objects of his own affection and admiration. Unfortunately, it was not his custom to inscribe on the canvas the names of those who sat to him. Many of the most glorious heads he ever painted remain to this hour unknown. Amid all their *reality* (and nothing in painting ever so conveyed the idea of a presence, they have a particular dignity which strikes us with respect; we would fain interrogate them, but they look at us life-like, grandly, calmly, like beings of another world; they seem to recognise us, and we can never recognise them. Only we feel the certainty that just as they now look, so they lived and looked in long past times. Such a portrait is that in the Hampton Court gallery; that grave, dark man—in figure and attitude so tranquil, so contemplative, but in his eyes and on his lips a revelation of feeling and eloquence. And such a picture is that of the lady in the Sciarra Palace at Rome, called expressively "Titian's Bella Donna." It has no other name, but no one ever looked at it without the wish to carry it away; and no anonymous portrait has ever been so multiplied by copies. But, leaving these, we will subjoin here a short list of those great and celebrated personages who are known to have sat to Titian, and whose portraits remain to us, a precious legacy, and forming the true commentary on their lives, deeds, and works.

Charles V.: Titian painted this Emperor several times, with and without his armor. He has always a grave, even melancholy expression; very short hair and beard; a large, square brow; and the full lips and projecting under jaw, which became a deformity in his descendants.

His wife, the Empress Isabella, holding flowers in her hand.

Philip II.: like his father, but uglier, more melancholy, less intellectual. The Duke of Devonshire has a fine full-length, in rich armor. There is a very good one at Florence in the Pitti Palace,

and another at Madrid. In the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, is the picture called "Philip II. and the Princess Eboli," of which there are several repetitions.

Francis I.: half-length, in profile; now in the Louvre. Titian did not paint this king from nature, but from a medal which was sent to him to copy.

The Emperor Ferdinand I.

The Emperor Rudolph II.

The Sultan Solymán II. His wife Roxana. These are engraved after Titian, but from what originals we know not. They cannot be from nature.

The Popes Julius II. (doubtful), Clement VII. Paul III., and Paul IV.

All the Doges of Venice of his time.

Francesco, Duke of Urbino, and his Duchess Eleonora; two wonderful portraits, now in the Florence Gallery.

The Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici; in the Louvre, and in the Pitti Palace.

The Constable de Bourbon.

The famous and cruel Duke of Alva.

Andrea Doria, Doge of Genoa.

Ferdinand Leyva, who commanded at the battle of Pavia.

Alphonso d'Avalos, in the Louvre.

Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua.

Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, and his first wife, Lucrezia Borgia. In the Dresden Gallery there is a picture by Titian, in which Alphonso is presenting his wife Lucrezia to the Madonna.

Cæsar Borgia.

Catherine Cornara, Queen of Cyprus.

The poet Ariosto; in the Manfrin Palace, at Venice.

Bernardo Tasso.

Cardinal Bembo.

Cardinal Storza.

Cardinal Farnese.

Count Castiglione.

Pietro Aretino: several times; the finest is at Florence; another at Munich. The engravings, by Bonasone, of Aretino and Cardinal Bembo, rank among the most exquisite works of art. There are impressions of both in the British Museum.

Sansovino, the famous Venetian architect.

The Cornaro family: in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

Fracastaro, a famous Latin poet.

Irene da Spilimborgo, a young girl who had distinguished herself as a musician, a poetess, and to whom Titian himself had given lessons in painting. She died at the age of eighteen.

Andrea Vesalio, who has been called the father of anatomical science—the particular friend of Titian, and his instructor in anatomy. He was accused falsely of having put a man to death for anatomical purposes, and condemned. Philip II., unwilling to sacrifice so accomplished a man to mere popular prejudice, commuted his punishment to a forced pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He obeyed the sentence; but on his return he was wrecked on the Island of Zante, and died there of hunger in 1564. This magnificent portrait, which Titian seems to have painted with enthusiasm, is in the Pitti Palace at Florence.

Titian painted several portraits of himself, but none which represent him young. In the fine portrait at Florence he is about fifty; and in the other known representations he is an old man, with an aquiline nose, and long, flowing beard. Of his daughter Lavinia there are many portraits

She was her father's favorite model, being very beautiful in face and form. In a famous picture, now at Berlin, she is represented sitting with both hands a dish filled with fruits. There are four repetitions of this subject: in one the fruits are changed into a casket of jewels; in another she becomes the daughter of Herodias, and the dish bears the head of John the Baptist. All are striking, graceful, full of animation.

The only exalted personage of his time and country whom Titian did not paint was Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Florence. In passing through Florence, in 1548, Titian requested the honor of painting the Grand Duke. The offer was declined. It is worthy of remark that Titian had painted, many years before, the father of Cosmo, Giovanni de' Medici, the famous captain of the *Bande Neri*.

ART MATTERS.

Two of the most thoroughly and entirely great pictures that have been painted during the season, are "Sunrise over the Ocean," by Gifford, and "Norwegian Torrent by Moonlight," by Wust. In each of them you find an idea, a sentiment—they are not merely "pretty" pictures—pictures which perhaps might catch the fancy and leave an ephemeral impression on the mind, but pictures which carry with them an inspiration, pictures which impress you with their weird and solemn grandeur, and which stamp themselves fully and indelibly upon your brain.

This is undoubtedly the secret of true art.

Let us see how the end is arrived at. Both of these pictures, powerful, inspiring, are treated with the greatest simplicity. Here is the whole thing, as it were, in a nutshell—simplicity, simplicity, simplicity, let the word be graven upon every easel, let every artist carry this one idea in his mind, let him study, cultivate and strive after it, let him utterly discard preraphaelitism and all such purely mechanical devices, which degrade but not elevate art, and going direct to nature let him there form his style and ideas. In nature we never find preraphaelitism—nature is pure, fresh, ingenuous—she is burdened by no forms, bows to no will but that of the Divine Creator, there is nothing petty in her, she embodies, as it were, one grand school wherein mankind are taught poetry, art, and everything which tends to purity of sentiment and elevation of intellect; she is simple yet beautiful, innocent yet grand. In her very simplicity rests her beauty, in her innocence her grandeur. Yet day after day, year after year, these men these preraphaelites, these scoffers at the pure and beautiful, pursue the same beaten track, violating nature, discarding her grandeur and breadth, and paying attention merely to the minor details which go to make up the great whole. Yet this they call studying nature, this they call embodying her beauties upon canvas, this their idea of art, upon this they base a school and set themselves up as reformers.

This is not art, that is *true* art, the mission of which is to cultivate mankind up to the proper standard—this preraphaelitism does not do; treating with pettiness it conveys but petty ideas, never inspiring it often puzzles the beholder, and while he may look upon the pre-

aphaelite picture and wonder at the mechanical skill displayed, his ideas are never elevated or enlarged, he sees an elaboration of the commonplaces but never is there brought before him nature in all her simplicity, grandeur and beauty.

These last qualities are eminently noticeable in the two pictures mentioned above. In Mr. Gifford's "Sunrise over the Ocean" the spectator is supposed to be standing upon the beach, looking out upon a broad expanse of ocean; the sun has just risen, the sky is clear and bright, save that toward the zenith a few fleecy clouds are seen, partly hiding the crescent moon; in the foreground a strip of sandy beach upon which the incoming waves leave their frothy freight—in no way is the feeling of loneliness disturbed, no human creature is there to take away from the grandeur of nature in her solitude; we are alone with the ocean, the great, broad, heaving ocean, which, rolling shoreward, laps our feet in its tender embrace.

Here we have a picture pure, simple, yet withal, entirely grand—nothing disturbs its simplicity, nothing is there to detract from its grandeur.

In Mr. Wust's "Norwegian Torrent" we are shown another phase. A swollen torrent, dashing, seething, roaring on its headlong course—here and there a jagged rock opposes itself to the water which, as if angry at the resistance, hisses and surges over the opposing object—in the distance we catch a glimpse of sterile Norwegian landscape, snow capped mountains and desolate plains, while over all is thrown the ghastly light of the moon which, breaking through a mass of heavy clouds, adds on additional glare to the troubled and foaming waters beneath.

Here we have nature in her angriest mood; while in Mr. Gifford's picture we are impressed with an almost reverential awe, in this a feeling very near akin to honor steals over us as we gaze upon the dark charybdis and almost hear the roar of the water, battling in its impotent fury.

Pictures such as these are public benefactors. They are healthy, invigorating; sentimental, but in no degree maudlin, they impart a healthy tone to the public love of art; progressive, inspiring, they imbue other painters with a spirit of emulation, encouraging those who are in the right track and putting to utter confusion the doctrines and principles of the benefit school of preraphaelitism.

PALETTE.

G A D E.

A short time since I read in a French paper—"A young Danish composer is now making a sensation in Germany; his name is Gade, and he frequently wanders to and fro between Copenhagen and Leipzig, with his violin on his back, looking the very image of Mozart." The first and last clauses of this sentence are perfectly correct, but there there is a touch of romance about the middle one. The young Dane did arrive in Leipzig a few months ago (although neither he nor his violin came on foot,) and his Mozart-like head, with its sculptural mass of hair, just suited the feelings already excited amongst our musicians by his Overture to "Cossian" and his first Symphony. About his life there is not much to say. He was born in 1817 at Copenhagen, where his father was an instrument maker, and his youthful dreams were probably more concerned with musical instruments than with musicians. He received his first musical instruction from one of